

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

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ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

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## TABLES.

### THE YOUNG COUNTESS.

EUGENE MARSOVIN is, without exception, the most eccentric young man it was ever my fate to fall in with. Handsome, well-made, even striking-looking, both men and women are always sure to turn round and stare after him on he strolls along the Boulevards of Paris, his only walk, for he was never known to extend it farther than the Place de la Concorde. The Champs Elysees is to him an unknown land. He came to Paris ten years ago as a law student, and took a cheap lodging, at twelve pounds sterling per annum, in the Rue du Seine.—Here he vegetated on his allowance of four pounds a month, and made an effort to study. But the effort was almost vain: he fell asleep over his law books, and was never known to rise in time to attend to the morning lectures. At the end of three years, in the twenty-first year of his age, he had made so little progress, that his father determined to recall him. But Eugene was too idle to pack up his things for a journey; too indolent to engage anybody to do it. His portress, a good old woman between fifty and sixty, cooked his dinner for him, fetched him novels from the circulating library, and arranged his room. He could not change his existence. His father threatened to stop his allowance, but Eugene wrote back that he would just as soon starve as travel two hundred miles.

About a week later he was called on by a lawyer, who announced to him the important fact, that his mother's eldest sister, a maiden lady, had just died, and left him twelve thousand francs per annum—nearly five hundred pounds sterling. Eugene bade the lawyer sit down, rose from his own chair, and taking up his student books, one by one, put them on the fire. He then returned to his chair, and proceeded to calculate what this allowed him to spend every week. The lawyer stopped him, and demanded instructions. Marsouin told him to receive his money for him, and to let his old woman have it at the rate of two hundred and thirty francs every week, on his written order. The man of law readily consented, got him to sign the necessary papers, and bowed himself out.

The existence of Eugene Marsouin scarcely changed. He kept his old lodging at twelve pounds a year, but he had it beautifully furnished; he removed old Catherine from the porter's lodge to the post of his sole servant; he dressed well; he subscribed to two libraries, to be sure of having the book he should want; and instead of dining

at a sixteenpenny ordinary, took his dinner *a la carte*, now at the first restaurant on the Boulevards, now in the Palais-Royal. He awoke with clock-work regularity at eight, took his chocolate; and, turning round in his bed, went once more off to sleep. At eleven he again awoke; and, lounging half-dressed in a huge arm-chair, attacked his breakfast. It composed of various delicacies, of which he scarcely ever ate two mouthfuls; but he amused himself by lazily cutting up some small pieces, and offering them on a fork to his old servant.

"Here, Catherine, eat," he would say. This was in his days of effervescing gayety; for if he was at all grave, he said nothing, but sat stupidly looking at his bottle of wine. About two he was dressed. If a friend came in, he was generally discovered lying on his back, puffing huge volumes of smoke towards the roof.

"What are you doing, Eugene?"

"Nothing."

"What are you thinking of?"

"Nothing."

This was his universal answer. About three he would take his hat, his cane, and his gloves, and descending the stairs, make slowly for the first bridge which led him across the water towards the Boulevards. As an invariable rule, he dined one day at the Cafe de Paris, the next at Very's. He said he was fond of variety, and showed it by this regular alternation between two houses. He dined well; sometimes alone, sometimes with a friend, if he happened to meet him exactly in his way. He dined took his coffee, lit another cigar, and strolled home. A divan, his pipe, and a book, were his ordinary resources of an evening; except when a party of friends came in, and then he aroused himself sufficiently to order punch, etc. and sometimes ventured on an unexciting game. But he never encouraged late hours. He could not live without his eleven hours of bed.

And thus did his existence move on for years.—He neither changed in habits, manners, nor looks. When the Revolution happened, he was annoyed at having to dine at home for a few days; and that was all the effect it had on him. As he did not sell out of the funds, his income continued unabated; and as soon as the last shot was fired, he resumed his placid existence. He was not a bad fellow, though so essentially selfish and wrapped up in himself: he would often rouse himself slightly to serve a friend, and took in good part the practical jokes sometimes played upon his indolence and absence of mind.

One morning, a few months after the Revolution of February, Marsouin had just risen to his eleven o'clock breakfast, when a knock came to the outer door. Eugene looked uncomfortable, but nodded to Catherine to open. A young man immediately entered. He was tall, and well-dressed, and strikingly handsome. Intellect was stamped on every feature of his face. He was, however, ghastly pale: his cheeks were livid, his eyes hollow and fiery. He came in with a poor attempt at a strut, and sank in an arm-chair.

"I have come without ceremony to breakfast with you," he said, with a terrible effort at a laugh.

"Eat," replied Eugene, indolently, after a languid shake of the head. He really liked his old school-fellow, Gustave de Simonet, but he rarely could muster more emotion than he now showed. Gustave was four years younger, and an artist, hard-working, and full of talent, and they met rarely. But they both remembered the friendly days of school, and kept up their acquaintances.

Gustave ate quietly, and with evident caution. He touched no wine, but drank a large bowl of chocolate. As he made his breakfast, his cheeks flushed, his eyes lost their horrid glare, and when he threw himself back in his chair, he seemed a changed man. Seizing an instant when Catherine was away in the kitchen, he exclaimed:

"This is the first meal I have eaten for three days!"

"Gustave! you want to give me an indigestion!" cried Eugene, looking like a man who had seen a ghost.

"I am serious," replied the young artist; "and having been pretty nearly starved for four months, have come to ask you to use your influence to get me a place of say a thousand francs?" a year, (forty pounds.)"

Eugene heaved a deep sigh. He saw trouble before him.

"Could I not lend you a thousand francs?" he said.

"Eugene! I have not lived for four months on a two sous of milk and two sous of bread for breakfast, and on six sous of meat and bread for dinner, since the Revolution—I have not lain three days on my divan starving, to come and borrow money. I ask for work! I cannot just now find artistic work; let me get a place as copying clerk. You, have influential relations."

"My dear fellow, I am a lazy dog, but there is my hand. Reach me that writing-desk. I will give you a letter to the Countess de Montdley, which will serve your purpose. She has great

weight—I forget with which minister; and she is my cousin. I have only seen her once, because she lives in the Faubourg St. Germain, and I hate to go out of my way. But she invites me once, a week, and my father reproaches me every month for not going. Some of these days I will."

Gustave, rather surprised at his long speech, handed him pen, ink, and paper. Eugene took the affair in hand with intense energy, wrote off four pages in a very short time, and then sank back, almost exhausted, in his chair. Gustave thanked him warmly, and without offering to read the note, put it in an envelope, sealed it, and addressed it. Eugene then gave him one of his cards, and stating that this was her reception-day, hurried him off that he might reach before the general company. He further appointed to dine together at Very's, in the Palais Royal, at six. Gustave borrowed five francs of his friend. With this he brought gloves, had his boots cleaned, and hired a cab. At two o'clock he was before the superb hotel of the Countess de Montdely.

He rang, and, entered the large and well-paved court, inquired of a tall menial if the countess were visible? The man hesitated, but rather civilly, as doubtful of admitting a stranger at that hour.—Gustave produced the cards and the note. The domestic bowed, and showed the young man up a splendid flight of stairs into a perfectly gorgeous *salon*. He then again bowed respectfully, took the card and note, and retired. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before Gustave, who was admiring a rich collection of pictures, was interrupted by the quick entrance of a lady. He started involuntarily, and then bent profoundly to a lovely young creature, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and sparkling with animation. She was not more than three-and-twenty.

"Be seated, Monsieur, I pray you," she said, after a rapid glance at the artist, from eyes in which stood fresh-started tears: "my cousin is a most strange person. He quite forgets the Revolution, and the death of my husband. He writes as if my husband were alive, and enjoyed the confidence of the late king. This is most annoying. It is true that when my husband was alive—he has been dead two years—I had some little influence, and could serve my friends."

"Madame," exclaimed Gustave, rising, not wholly unable to disguise his sorrow, "I am very sorry—"

"Monsieur," said the young woman, a little impatiently, "are you aware of the contents of this letter?"

"Madame, I understand it to be a note, recommending me to your notice for some modest place."

The countess handed it to the artist, who, with burning cheeks, read in it every detail of his misery and suffering. He rose again, his eyes bowed with humiliation and shame, and, muttering something about the folly of Eugene, was about to rush wildly from the room.

"Monsieur, have a little regard for me," said the countess, somewhat quickly, but evidently with much emotion, at the same time ringing her bell. A servant came.

"Deny me to everybody. I wish to consult with Monsieur about the Eastern Gallery, and about my portrait, which Monsieur V—— has so long neglected. Let the gallery be ready in half an hour;" and then she continued, when they were once more alone—"I am rich, fond of pictures,

and shall be proud to find you employments suited to your talents. Do you paint portraits?"

"That Diana of Poitiers over your own picture is mine," said the young artist, modestly: "Eugene bought it of me two years ago."

"It is the only politeness I ever received from him," replied the Countess, not without much satisfaction, for the painting was full of talent and promise: "I hope you will paint me as well?"

"Madame," cried Gustave, impetuously, "you offer to take a poor unfriended artist by the hand. I can never show my gratitude."

The countess shook her head, and led the way, after some further conversation, to the picture gallery. While waiting for this to be ready, Gustave told his whole history. The countess pressed him so delicately, he could not refuse, especially when Eugene had told the worst. Madame Montdely casually explained that she had married the aged ambassador, who had been her husband, to settle some disputed claims about estates, at an age when she had no will of her own. Both of an imaginative cast of mind, the countess and the artist soon became good friends, and before an hour had got rid of all the reserve of strangers. The widow, used to the world, and to all kinds of society, found pleasure in the talk of the ambitious, talented, but poor artist; and when she came to settle with him the hours of her sittings, the best position for her to sit, and other details, they were already on amiable terms. Gustave was a gentleman, in every sense, and this the lady at once saw.

At last the young artist took his hat to go, long before the countess seemed at all inclined to be fatigued with his company. She then told him that several public men dined that day at her table, and she should be happy to see him. Gustave remembered his engagement at six, and politely declined. He did not mention with whom he was engaged, lest he might be tempted to disappoint him who had served him so efficaciously. The countess seemed a little surprised at his not accepting her invitation, and at his preferring to keep an engagement in the Palais-Royal.

"Poor, handsome, talented, modest, unbackneyed in the ways of the world," said the countess as she sat musing alone after his departure: "this has always been my ideal. Married at seventeen to a good old man, a formal diplomatist, who was like a second father to me; thrust into the society of nothing but politicians, I always dreamed of taking a real husband from the talented crowd of struggling geniuses. One has fallen in my way. I like him much, and fancy I shall like him more. He seems a man of honour and principle. That is all I ask, for I will never marry a man to whom I cannot confide my property. Ta! ta! ta! here I am like a wild girl talking of marrying, and I know nothing of the man! Who is he going to dine with to-day? If I knew, I might judge him better."

The countess rang, and ordered a carriage, and her companion to accompany her—another *protege* raised from misery. In ten minutes more she was on her way to the Palais-Royal, and soon lounging along the arcades, as if in search of something. It was just six o'clock, and she saw Gustave walking in the garden before the cafe of Rotonde, as if waiting for some one. The gay young countess felt a little annoyed at her own curiosity, but the desire to know who was his companion in the din-

ner overcame all. A quarter-past six, and still no one came. Gustave went and looked in at Very's but the person he expected was not there. Then she saw him turn his back to the crowd, and count his money. It seemed only to be a few coppers. Half past six, and Gustave seemed to grow impatient. The poor fellow was hungry. He seemed anxious and doubtful. Suddenly he darted away towards the Rue Vivienne. The countess, who was beginning a second round in the arcade, stood still and looked, all the while leaning on the arm of the astonished Mademoiselle de Fonsec. In five minutes Gustave came back, with a small loaf in his hand, which he began to break and eat.—No one noticed him. He still walked up and down, but evidently not as if he expected a dinner. Suddenly, as he began his second loaf, a thought seemed to strike him, and he moved in the direction of the Faubourg St. Germain. But in a minute he stopped, looked at his soiled gloves felt his cravat, and turned back. Decidedly he would dine on dry bread.

The countess now hurried back to her carriage, convinced that Gustave was to have dined with some one, and not some one with him. The whole force of the affair was now in question.—Was he to have dined with a man or with a woman? Lucie de Montdely, in all her experience in society, young and beautiful as she was, had never been in any way affected by the passion of love.—Neither was she now. But the talent and misfortunes of the young and handsome artist had excited in her an interest she had never felt before; young as she was, she was quite persuaded that, should inquiry satisfy her as to his honorable character, she should feel much more.

About twelve o'clock the next day Gustave rang at the door of Eugene Marsouin. Catherine opened, and to his surprise, he found the Countess and Mademoiselle de Fonsec breakfasting with the indolent Eugene, who was, however, trying to look amiable, and eager to oblige. He looked intensely relieved when he saw Gustave.

"I came," said Gustave, after paying his respects to the ladies, "to reproach you with keeping me an hour waiting for you in the Palais-Royal.—I refused an invitation to dine with Madame la Comtesse, because you made me a promise to dine with you at Very's."

"Fatal mistake!" cried Eugene, with a tragic air. "I was so confused yesterday morning, I must have said Very's; but it was my day for the Cafe de Paris, where I waited dinner an hour for you. Why didn't you speak to the garcon—he would have told you?"

"So, Monsieur," said the Countess, with a smile, which unconsciously was radiant, "you deserted me for my cousin? I shall punish him by making him dine with me to-day; and as I know his indolent habits I shall send a carriage for him. You recollect, Monsieur de Simonent, that this day at two is my first sitting. Will you take a seat in my carriage?"

Gustave accepted; and that afternoon the picture was commenced. Three times a week did the young man stand before the canvas, and strive to make a copy of the living, breathing, beautiful thing before him; but it was more difficult than he expected. The beauty, grace, and unaffected charming character of the young widow, the easy and elegant familiarity of her tone to her *proteges*



Mademoiselle de Fonsee was always the companion of these sittings—the real nobleness of her character, and, above all, the deep gratitude which he felt for her kindness to him, produced a result which would have been surprising if it had not been produced. Gustave made scarcely any progress with his picture.

About two months had passed away. It was May last year; the three were in the very midst of a sitting. Lucie was leaning back in her chair, while Gustave corrected some defects in the expression of the countess's eyes. A servant suddenly summoned Mademoiselle de Fonsee away. As the door closed behind her, the artist let his pencil fall. He stood pale, and almost with tears in his eyes, before the lovely woman.

"Madame la Comtesse, I give it up! I cannot complete your picture: it is a vain attempt. I am not unworthy to do so."

"What mean you, sir?"

"Madame, I am frank and honest. I have looked too often on your face for two months past. No artist can paint the features of her with whom he is madly, hopelessly in love!"

The countess closed her eyes an instant, and spoke not; then she rose, and, advancing near to the young man, who stood with his eyes fixed on the unfinished portrait. "Why, hopelessly, Gustave?" she said, laying her hand on his arm.

Half an hour later, when Mademoiselle de Fonsee returned, and entered the room unannounced, she started back, and would have retired. Gustave was kneeling at the countess's feet, one hand in hers, the picture of proud, unalloyed happiness. Lucie was speaking in a low tone, and telling him of some project for their mutual happiness.

"Come in Laura," said the countess, with a sweet smile, "and share our happiness. We are affianced, and the world must soon know it."

It was in June, and at church of the Madeleine. The door was crowded by carriages. It was a splendid wedding; all the *fashionables* of Paris were present, and all the leading men in the arts, for a rich and beautiful members of the circles of the Faubourg St. Germain was giving her hand to a young and talented artist. There were some sneers about the matter, but only a few. Most persons agreed that it was a well-assorted match. The pair were equal in all but money, and Gustave brought genius, while Lucie brought gold. He was, even in those days, at least her equal.

#### A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

"All abroad!" shouted the conductor, and with a whistle and a jerk we were again on our way, and soon the trees and meadows, brooks and hills, seeming whizzing by, and the dust and cinders flew thick and fast. But amid the roaring and jolting of the cars, sleep, like a ministering angel, came to my relief. Gradually the noise was hushed, and the speed at which I rode inspired "dreams" of a lofty character.

I was in a wide rotunda, from which led two halls on either side. Many tall Corinthian columns rose about me, hewn from the whitest marble, and their gilded capitals were lighted from a stained glass dome. The ceilings were adorned by carved works, images and paintings, and, in short, the master-pieces of the Grecian sculptures, and of modern artists, seemed to adorn and decorate the walls and niches. But scarcely had I begun to

gaze upon the beauties of the pile of splendor, when a roar like that of many oceans burst upon my ear, and I concluded that I was in the temple of the gods at Mount Olympus, till a mass of polished steel, and brass, and silver, rushed into one of the long halls, and passed out at the extremity of the other, followed by a train of what I called some thirty pagan temples, all glittering with carved wood and iron, gilded eagles, pinnacles and spires. No sooner than the train was stopped, out stepped a Yankee (I knew him by his voice) and shouted "Hartford," at the Windows of each of the cars. A throng of gents, ladies and children, poured from the opening doors, and stood within the rotunda. Being very anxious to view the interior of the cars, or temples, and to see the motive power, I entered one and had hardly recovered from the shock which the dazzling magnificence reflected, when the train, which had been set in motion again, stopped in a rotunda of the same size and splendor with the first, and the Yankee captain cried "Springfield." I staggered to a seat in uttered unconsciousness, and as I endeavored to locate myself on what appeared to be a picture of New-York City, I sank to my waist in a delicious air sofa, which again restored my senses. The towns and cities, lakes and mountains, shot in confusion by, as the conductor hurriedly tapped me on the shoulder, and whispered "ticket."

"Where are you bound?" said I.

"Boston. Be there in twenty minutes. Fare from Springfield, one dime—from New-York, three dimes."

I handed him a shilling.

"Behind the times," said he; "no such coin in circulation."

I had the good luck so carry a gold dollar as a pocket piece, which I drew out, and paid my fare.

"Where am I captain?" said I, involuntarily.

He smiled, and rushed from the car, which had entered the third rotunda, and shouted "Worcester."

"Mister, where am I?" said I to the nearest man.

He eyed me with evident surprise, a moment, then his eyes sparkled, as he asked:

"Been asleep?"

"Yes, sir. Got to New-Haven yet? or is this—"

"Tell me the year!" said he.

"It's 1850, of course! are you crazy?" I replied.

He tapped me on the shoulder, and said:

"You've slept a hundred years—its 1950! Several have slept over. This is the air-line railroad from New-York to Boston—air-line; that is, there is no curves, and but three corners, which we turn in an instant, by machinery. All sorts of improvements, now-a-days. Why, man, it'll take you all your life-time to look at all the patented, labor-saving machinery of New England. We do every thing but sleep and eat, by some new-fangled invention or other! We—"

"Good! it must be so. Yankee nation! what cannot Yankees and steam accomplish?" said I.

"Steam! nonsense, man—it's out of date on railroads. This is Fuzgum's electro-magnetic, patent eight-day, twelve foot driver, 800 horse power battery, silver-plated, self-propeller—cost 2,500 dollars—this thing draws us now! This road cost twenty millions, and has paid for itself

twice, and has not been completed three years. They use the patent suspension bridge, Vulcan rail, which is laid on a solid wall of stone, four feet deep. The rails are some seven feet apart. We go at the rate of five miles and three quarters per minute, and—why, sir! you are behind the times, indeed. What'll you give me to show you the *leviathan* (not elephant) three weeks.

"Anything in my possession. I'm a great hand for new things. I'll see the *leviathan*, and ride him. Hurrah! hur—"

"Stop! here's Boston. Keep close to me, and we'll get a seat first elevated omnibus, for the Ocean Hotel—best house in the city.—Come, we do things so quick we seldom carry baggage.

I made fast to his coat tail, and my Yankee guide rushed through crowds, and temples, and galleries, till we found ourselves at last in the flying, elevated, electric something omnibus, which was an open car some twenty feet long, on a railroad, elevated some thirty feet above the street. A double track was laid all the way, and we met several cars, omnibuses—rushing down, propelled by little electric machines. Below, the streets were thronged with trucks, goods, merchants and carriers. On either side broad sidewalks were filled with people, and above, the houses rose from eight to ten stories, all constructed from iron, gilded and painted in the most costly and beautiful manner.

At last, when he had come about ten miles in five minutes, as fast up hill as down, we arrived at what I should have supposed was Solomon's temple, restored—but no, it was the Ocean Hotel. Of our entry into this palace, the furniture, the carving, the gilding, the painting, we will not speak. After visiting a fashionable tailor's shop, I sat with my guide in the room, to take a rest preparatory to seeing the *elephant*—no! the *leviathan*—and to making the tour of the state.

"What has happened, Mr. Jonathan, since 1849?" said I to the Yankee, who was gazing at the sea of roofs. He nearly fainted at the question, and said he merely could mention a few of the principal changes and inventions.

"Gen. Taylor," said he, "was president in 1849, wasn't he? yes, he was, and we've had any quantity since. We're a republic now, and the United States extend from the Arctic ocean to Terra del Fuego, and comprises, in short, all America. England's a republic, and a Yankee is their president. There was but one kingdom in the world six days ago, but the transatlantic telegraph was then out of order. We haven't heard, for most a week, from t'other side, and—here! see that flying car up there, see it? It's going to San Francisco, the largest city in America—or United States—all the same. There, its out of sight, but the Great Aerial Electric Navigation Co. are building a car that will beat that; it's manufacturing in that machine shop yonder," said he, as he pointed to a building fourteen and a half stories high.

"There's generally," he continued, "universal peace on earth, and the last dispatches from moon said that the revolution had been brought to a close, that bloodshed had ceased to stain that paradise—and while we speak of it, there's a fellow from the moon who came down on a flying car yesterday, but their air is so different from ours he can't stay long; and he pointed to a most perfect little man about three feet high. "But we'll go up

to the moon by the next car, and stroll about a day or two, and look—" (here I had resource to the camphor bottle) "and look about town. Yes we will—hem!—there's some angels there—some girls, and they think everything of us Yankees. Hurrah! there's the California, the last steamer from Liverpool. She started day before yesterday. She's made of iron, gutta percha, and durus. Durus is a metal recently discovered in Greenland, and small quantities are found in Patagonia—a metal which won't bend, break, or receive any impression, except when the greatest degree of heat possible to be obtained is applied to it.—She ran through an iceberg on her last trip, but did not stop, and you can't break her to pieces or sink her, no, you can't. She's six hundred feet long, and twenty-five broad, is covered with gutta percha, made transparent, all over, and runs under water half the time in a storm. There's the evening train of flying cars for New Orleans—pretty good load; the electric train carries more through this weather. More competition on this route than any other in America, except the New-York and Rio Janeiro evening lines; they run for four dimes. See that building there! at one end they drive in a flock of sheep, and this door is mutton market, and the other is a ready-made clothing store. There's a printing office in this building, and there's a machine there which will make a spelling book out of a shirt, in seven minutes, but they'll have to give it up, as there's one in the very next house which will make a spelling book from cotton batting in six minutes! Fact, sir!"

I applied camphor to my temples and nose.

"I tell you the truth, but the crack invention of the day is gumbuggum gas. Goes ahead of chloroform, altogether. Why, last night, my brother in New Orleans was smashed to a pulp by the falling of a stone weighing twelve tons, but we immediately applied the extract of cold water and gumbuggum, and when I left at two o'clock he was comfortably well. We don't die at all, now, if we can manage to get hold of extract of water and gumbuggum gas before heat leaves the body. If all warmth has left the body, life has left it, but if not, life is perfectly safe. Now tea is ready; come, let us get tea, and then we'll have a ride."

At thoughts of supper I awoke, and we had just got to New Haven. What slow, good-for-nothing cars and steamboats we have; can't go but a mile in a minute! We are behind the times.

## BIOGRAPHY.

From Random Recollections of Hudson, from 1800 to 1808.

### THE DOCTORS.

Of the medical faculty of the town, it becomes me to say something. Hudson has indeed been noted for the eminence of its physicians. Among those of an early date, Doctors Hamilton and Wheaton were perhaps the most conspicuous. At a later period, Tallman, Malcolm and White were distinguished for their skill and ability; particularly the latter, who was also eminent as a surgeon.

Hamilton was an original, both in mind and manner—and I believe I may add, in practice too. His three great remedies, were calomel, bark and brandy! He was, nevertheless, a well educated, strong-minded man; but fond of hearing himself talk, and careless of time, he often rendered him disagreeable by his long visits, and still longer

stories. He owned a tract of land in the "Genesee country," then a distant wilderness; and I remember hearing him relate to my father, an incident which took place on his first visit to that new settlement. As the story ran, he was alone and on foot in the woods, walking slowly along, totally unarmed; when, all of a sudden, he heard a low, rustling noise, and casting his eyes round, he met the fierce glare of a panther, crouched in the path directly in front of him, and but a few yards distant. What was to be done, was a question, which (as he gravely remarked to my father) he had no time to discuss. But catching, as he said, an idea from desperation, he instantly resolved to become the assailant. He had on at the time a dark camelot cloak, lined with red baize, which he contrived to whirl suddenly over his head, in such a manner as to turn the red side out, giving at the same time a furious yell, and springing directly at the panther—who, alarmed at the fiery aspect, or astounded at the sudden metamorphosis of his intended prey, made an ignoble and precipitate retreat, disappearing at a single bound!

What the reader may think of the probabilities of the story, I knew not, but I wish it to be distinctly understood, that 'tis the Doctor's story, not mine.

Of Doctor Tallman, I can truly say, that he was one of the finest looking men in the city; large, portly, well-dressed, and of the most polished and gentlemanly manners. He was, indeed, in personal appearance, air and manner, the *beau ideal* of the medical faculty. It is not surprising, that with these attractive qualities, he should be a favorite with nearly all the women in the town, nor that they should have secured to him a larger share of practice, (particularly in the most profitable line of his profession) than was enjoyed by any other physician in the place.

Malcolm was a gentleman in the highest sense of the word—a man of education, of talent, and of science. But unable or unwilling to stoop to the familiar arts and gossiping language of the nursery—in other words, to conciliate ignorance and flatter vanity, so essential to medical success) he literally starved in his profession.

Doctor White, it is needless to say, had all the practice he desired—and has left behind him a reputation, equal to that of any other physician in the State—in some branches of his profession, perhaps superior. He was a man of great probity of mind and purity of character.

From Random Recollections of Hudson, from 1800 to 1808.

### LOAFERS.

I now turn to a class of personages, differing in many respects from any that I have yet attempted to describe. They formed, however, a portion of the population of the city, or its immediate vicinity, and were, moreover, too prominent in their day, to be omitted in a body of reminiscences which profess to embrace the physical aspect and personal peculiarities of the town.

Among the most singular and striking animals of the biped species, which were to be met with in the streets of Hudson, was a free negro by the name of Tite, and a white negro by the name of Bangs. Tite was blacker than the ace of spades, and had an impediment in his speech, or rather a sort of spasmodic stotter, which was truly terrific. His mouth opened and shut as with a spring,

exhibiting a set of teeth which would have done honor to a shark, or even to a patent corn-grinder.

Bangs, on the other hand, was as fair as he was foul. They were both butchers by profession, and both huge, fat, and feloniously greasy rogues. Indeed, the growl and the greasiness of Bangs were a warning to all well dressed pedestrians, to clear the road!

Now let it be remembered, in justification of this sketch, (or of my memory for preserving it) that the mayor of the city, was not more familiarly known than Tite, nor was the sheriff's deputy a more formidable personage than Bangs.

There were in those days two other stars wandering in the same hemisphere, of a somewhat kindred character. The one was familiarly known by the name of "Old Brooks," the other, by that of *Copper John*! Brooks belonged to the antiquities of the old world. He certainly had all the appearances of an ante-diluvian. Yet I never could learn that his history had been traced further back than to the period of the *Van Tromps* of the Netherlands. He came, it was said, from Amsterdam, in or about, the year 1652, and was supposed to be at the time, somewhere in the vicinity of one hundred years of age! But I do not vouch for the accuracy of these traditions. I first saw him in 1788: and after the lapse of eighteen or twenty years, he still appeared in all respects unchanged. His habits were unaltered, his faculties unabated, and the light of his eye undimmed. Time, in that interval at least, seemed to have made no impression upon him. There was, indeed, no place left for a new twist or a new wrinkle. As for the ordinary signs of age, he had long since ran through the catalogue, and exhausted their number. His head, his hands, and his voice, had been shaking, as if with the palsy, for half a century, and were shaking, still. His little twinkling eye and the tip of his nose, were all that could be seen of his face. His language would have puzzled Horne Tooke himself, and might have added a new chapter to the "Diversions of Purley." It was a dialect compounded of three other dialects—high dutch, low dutch, and broken english, and to those unused to it, utterly unintelligible. His outside garment, which was always the same, winter and summer, was composed of as many colors as Joseph's coat. The original texture had long since been lost and covered under a cloud of patches. His shoes were fastened to his feet by thongs and fibres of bark. He wore a little cocked hat, banded and brailed with divers colored strings, which might, from its form and fashion, have been worn by De Ruyter himself. His pipe, black with the smoke of a thousand years, still answered the ends for which it was created, and gave to his figure in a frosty morning an additional sign of vitality.

He lived about three miles from the city, to which he traveled on foot, twice or three times a week, the year round. He carried a willow basket strapped upon his back, filled with roots and herbs, mostly of a medicinal character. These simples he gathered with his own hands, and it was by the sale of these he obtained his livelihood. Old and poor as he was, and lone and miserable as he seemed, yet he was never known to beg or to complain. On the contrary, he seemed to enjoy good health, was always cheerful, and apparently contented.

Who will dare to say, that old Brooks was not



watched by the eye, and upheld and protected by the hand of providence!

COPPER JOHN, though resembling Brooks in some things, was very unlike him in others. He had no knowledge of the medical qualities of roots and herbs. He had no taste for culling of simples, and no disposition to traffic in any thing. He took no thought for the morrow, either as to what he should eat or what he should drink; it was sufficient for him to know that he could find his way into the kitchen in the day time, and into a barn at night.

But John was in no sense a responsible person. His intellectual pitcher was cracked, and the vessel was therefore unfit for use. Yet he possessed great bodily strength and was certainly capable of some things if not others. He could split wood and fetch water; he could beg, too, but not like a beggar; he could work, but not like a man; he was in size, a giant, but huge and strong as he was, he nevertheless submitted to any show of authority, and put up with any kind of treatment; hence, was always in the hands of the boys, who played him an endless variety of tricks; they did him some good and much evil; they forced him to work, and learned him to drink, though he had no great taste for either. He had a natural antipathy to cats, which the boys soon found out, and John, to his horror, every now and then, found one attached by a cord to the tail of his coat. His first impression, on these occasions, was to run and roar—the cat had no choice but to follow his example; and such a roaring on the one side, and such a caterwauling on the other, was never heard before in any civilized town! The boys were in fact John's best friends and worst enemies. They were liberal in their gifts, (his whole wardrobe indeed came from them,) but they made him pay for their liberality in various and most annoying ways. They contrived, without his perceiving it, to tar the inside of his hat; they even put powder in his pipe, and ipecac and ginger in his gin; all of which he bore like a philosopher—nay, the medicated gin he swallowed without making a wry face.

But that which more particularly distinguished John from all other loafers, cracked or uncracked, was his passion for coppers; and as he was never known to part with one, it was believed that he hid them in holes, or buried them in the ground. He would take no other coin, not even as a gift, and hence his name of Copper John. He loitered about the town and its vicinity for some ten or fifteen years, without any occupation, home or common resting place; and yet, was never seen in a suffering condition. He was, seemingly, proof against all diseases, winds and weathers. Though he readily comprehended whatever was said to him, yet his mind was little better than a *tabula rasa*.

At length, however, John disappeared; and, as he came, no one knew whence, so he went, no one knew whither; and but for this incidental notice, the knowledge of his existence on earth, might have been lost forever!

It has often occurred to me, that if I should hereafter meet with old Brooks and Copper John, I should at once be recognised as an old acquaintance, and receive a hearty shake of the hand from both. John would no doubt ask me, as he had done in this world many a time before "what I tied that devilish cat to the tail of his coat for?" And old Brooks would probably enquire whether I had yet learned to talk dutch!

## MISCELLANY.

### IF WE ONLY HAD A PIANO.

BY MRS. ELLEN C. KNIGHT.

"This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cosily in the rocking chair as the tea things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate, revealing a prettily and neatly furnished sitting room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying, what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside.—His pretty wife Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he said, again taking a satisfactory survey of his snug little quarters.—The cold rain beat against the windows and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now, if we only had a piano," said the wife.

"Give me the music of your sweet voice, before all the pianos in creation," he declared complacently, despite a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come to see us and not to hear a piano!" exclaimed the husband.

"But, George, every body has a piano, now-a-days—we don't go any where without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for; you will have no time to play on one, and I don't like to hear it."

Why they are so fashionable—I think your room looks really naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks naked—we want a piano shockingly" protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," he said after a long pause.

"When are you going to get an astral lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther, pettishly.

"Those will do."

But you know every body, now-a-days, wants astral lamps."

"Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw—they were bought at Boston."

"But George, I do not think our room is complete without an astral lamp" said the wife, sharply; "they are so fashionable; why the D—s, and B—s, and A—s, all have them. I am sure we ought to."

We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason for that.

The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

"We want to live within our means, Esther," exclaimed George.

"I am sure I should think we could afford it as well as the B—s, and L—s, and many others we might mention—we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean," he cried angrily.

"Then you do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room and make it look like other's, we want a piano and an astral lamp."

"We want!" muttered the husband; "there is no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may!" and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions. How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities. If the real cause of many a failure could be made known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and "what will people say of us?"

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion bitterly, by useless extravagance, and repining when I was doing well." What a world does this open of the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence small. It is too common for young house-keepers to begin where their mothers ended.—Buy all that is necessary to work skilfully with, adorn your houses with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer houses and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the houses of the poor and suffering; behold the dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, an absence of the comforts and refinements of social life; then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart and be ready to appreciate that toil and self denial which he has endured in his business, to surround you with all the delights of home; then you will be ready to co-operate with him in so arranging your expenses that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears lest family expenditures may encroach upon the public payments.

Be independent; a young house keeper never needed greater moral courage than to resist that arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A—s, and B—s, decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you ought to afford; and then decide with strict integrity according to your means.—Let not the censures or the approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you hardly think you can afford. It matter little what they think, provided you are true to yourself and your family.

Thus pursuing an independent straight forward, consistent course of action, there will spring up peace and joy all around you. Satisfied and happy yourself, you will make your husband so, and your children will feel the warm sunny influence. Happy at home, your husband can go out into the world with a clear head and self relying spirit; domestic bickerings will not sour his heart and he will return to you again with a confiding and unceasing love.

Depend upon it, beauty, grace, wit, and accomplishments, have far less to do with family comfort than prudence, economy, thrift and good sense.—A husband may get tired of admiring; but never with the comfortable consciousness that his receipts exceed his demand.

## THE LAST DOG STORY.

ADVANTAGE OF ADVERTISING.—Mr. Luke Horton of South Eighth street, keeps a dog called La Vega—an ill-favored, fierce-eyed brute, whose untidy habits and cross-grained temper cause him to be held in detestation by the family in general, and by Mrs. Horton, his mistress, in particular.—La Vega, however, is a great favorite with his master. About a week ago, Miss Horton became exasperated, on account of some unendurable offence committed by La Vega, and privately bargained with an old colored collector of soap fat, named Abe Walker, who for a dollar fee, agreed to take the dog off and “render him up” into tallow, or otherwise relieve Mrs. Horton from the annoyance of his presence. Mr. Horton, on coming home to dinner, enquired for La Vega, and was chagrined with the information that his troublesome pet had absconded. For some days the absence of La Vega gave occasion for much rejoicing in the household, and even the grief of Mr. Horton for his loss was made the subject of many a sly joke in his domestic establishment. Mrs. H. congratulated herself excessively on that lucky thought of hers which cleared the house of the odious brute; and tho’ she is a lady who thinks a good deal of a dollar, she did not grudge the money, since it gained her object so effectually. In the meantime La Vega was detained a close prisoner in the cellar of the soap factory—amusing himself like Napoleon at Elba, with the belief that the objects of his destiny were not yet accomplished.

On Thursday morning Mr. Horton appeared at the breakfast table with a beaming countenance.

“Well, my dear, good news!” said he to Mrs. H. “What is it?” asked the lady, with some secret misgiving. “I’ve got La Vega back again

Advertised for him in the Ledger; offered a reward for his recovery, and this morning he was brought home by Abe Walker.” “Heaven!” ejaculated Mrs. Horton—“what did you have to pay for him?” “Only eleven dollars,” replied Horton; “one for the advertisement, and ten to old Abe for bringing him back.” “Merciful goodness!” cried the unsympathizing wife—“Eleven dollars, (enough to buy a silk dress,) for the recovery of such a nasty cur! and to think that I gave the black rascal a dollar for taking him off!” This inadvertant confession, of course, produced a matrimonial duett—the report of which we omit, as it might appear stale and common-place to some of our married readers.

By this little canine speculation, all parties were gainers. Abe Walker, the cunning darkey; gained ten dollars; the advertising sheet gained one dollar, and Mr. and Mrs. Horton gained some valuable experience; which will teach them the importance of mutual confidence between wedded partners.—*Pennsylvanian*.

## RED COAT VS. RED SHIRT.

Nor long since at a convivial party, at which Mr. Webster and several distinguished lawyers were present, the conversation happening to turn on the legal profession, Mr. Webster related the following story. We do not pretend to give it in his own peculiar and delightful style:

“When I was a young practitioner,” said Mr. Webster, “there was but one man at the New Hampshire bar of whom I was afraid, and that old Barnaby. There were but few men who dared to

enter the lists with him. On one occasion Barnaby was employed to defend a suit for a piece of land, brought by a little, crabbed, cunning lawyer, called Bruce. Bruce’s case was looked upon as good as lost when it was ascertained that Barnaby was retained against him. The suit came on for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce had worked hard, and left no stone unturned to gain the victory.—The testimony for the plaintiff was very strong and unless it could be impeached the case of the defendant was lost.

“The principal witness introduced by the plaintiff wore a red coat. In summing up for the defence, Old Barnaby commenced a furious attack on this witness, pulling his testimony all to pieces, and appealing to the jury if a man who wore a red coat was under any circumstances, to be believed. “And who is this red-coated witness,” exclaimed Barnaby, “but a descendant of our common enemy, who has striven to take from us our liberty, and would not hesitate now to deprive my poor client of his land, by making any sort of a red-coated statement?”

“During this speech Bruce was walking up and down the bar, greatly excited, and half convinced that his case was gone, knowing, as he did, the prejudices of the jury against any thing British. Whilst, however, Barnaby was gesticulating, and leaning forward to the jury in his eloquent appeal his shirt-bosom opened slightly, and Bruce accidentally discovered that Barnaby wore a red under-shirt.

“Bruce’s countenance brightened up. Putting both hands in his coat pockets, he walked the bar with great confidence, to the astonishment of his client and all lookers on. Just as Barnaby concluded, Bruce whispered in the ear of his client, “I’ve got him—your case is safe;” and approaching the jury, he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary.

“Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red-coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to the country, and his character for truth and veracity. “But what, gentleman of the jury,” broke forth Bruce in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eye flashed fire, “what are you to expect of a man who stands here to defend a cause based on no foundation of right or justice whatever; of a man who undertakes to destroy our testimony on the ground that my witness wears a red coat, when, gentleman of the jury—when, when, gentleman of the jury!”—(Here Bruce made a spring, and catching Barnaby by the bosom of the shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel)—“when Mr. Barnaby himself wears a red flannel coat concealed under a blue one?” The effect was electrical; Barnaby was beat at his own game, and Bruce gained the cause.”—*N. O. Picayune*.

## DIAMOND DUST.

INCONSISTENCY—the only thing in which men are consistent.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody can find it out in his prosperity.

Matrimony is a circus. Many noble creatures enter it, run round and round, and kick up a fine dust, but few get properly trained and broken to it.

Secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be

invisibly good is as god like as to be invisibly evil is diabolical.

Hypochondria—the imaginary malady with which those are taxed who have no real one.

To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

Adroit observers will find that some who affect to dislike flattery, may yet be flattered indirectly, by a well seasoned abuse and ridicule of their rivals.

A wicked book is the worse because it cannot repent.

Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.

Satire should not be like a saw, but a sword; it should cut, not mangle.

Sensibility would be a good portress, if she had but one hand: with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.

Society, like a shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us.

Vanity, like laudanum and other poisonous medicines is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities.

The violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves: and yet of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humanity.

Positiveness is one of the most certain marks of a weak judgment.

## NEGRO BANKING.

TALKING of Banks, reminds me of the negro Bank I once heard of in Virginia. Cato, (an old negro who was noted for his cunning) had succeeded in making his fellow servants in the neighborhood believe that banking was a very profitable business. So they concluded that they would throw off all their change together and start a bank, old Cato taking care to have himself constituted the bank, to whom all the sixpences of all darkies in the neighborhood were duly paid over. And now, said Cato, “whenebah nigah borrow sixpence, out dis bank, to buy bacee, he got to come back in free weeks and pay in two sixpences, and in dis way you see ebery sixpence bring nudah sixpences, till after a while all dese niggahs be as rich as old massa G—y.” And upon this principle the bank went into operation, old Cato always taking care that every darkey should fork over according to bank rules. But in the course of time, some of the stockholders thought they “smelt a rat” and called on Cato to withdraw their capital from the bank, when the following conversation took place between Cato and Jack:

Jack—Well, Cato, we want to draw our money from the bank and quit the bankin’ business

Cato—Did you heah de news!

Jack—No, what dat, Cato?

Cato—Why de bank broke last night.

Jack—Who care what de bank do. I tell you I want my shah ob de money.

Cato—Well but I tell you de bank broke.

Jack—I not talken bout dat. I say whah de money.

Cato—Why you cuss’d fool, don’t you know dat when de bank break de money all gone sar-tain.

Jack—Well, but whah de debbil de money go to?



Cato—Dat's more 'an disniggah know. All he know bout it is, when white folks' bank break, de money always lost, and nigga bank no better dan white folks.

Jack—Well, whenever dis nigga gage in bank-in' agin, he hope de debbil git him fuss.

Cato—Berry sorry de bank break, Jack, berry sorry.

Here our informant left.

#### TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Riches to the generous and power the meritorious.

May the brave soldier never be made the tool of oppression.

Religious toleration the world over.

May our country's gratitude recline over the tomb of the brave.

May we never sacrifice at the shrine of deceit.

May we never mask but in a masquerade.

The heroes who contend for universal liberty.

Prosperous voyages to the mariner.

A cordial in grief—content.

From discord may harmony arise.

May we always see our neighbor's distress with an eye of compassion.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty.

May we always be able to draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Equal punishment to the ragged villian and the rich rascal.

May all honest souls find a friend in need.

May old friends never be forgotten for new friends.

May we never, by overleaping the bounds of prudence, trespass upon the bosom of friendship.

May we bury our sorrow in the friendly draught.

A long cord and a strong cord for those who strive to dissolve the Union.

May the sword of justice be tempered by the hand of mercy.

The great palladium of our liberties—the Press.

#### IDOLATRY.

LOGICIANS may reason about abstractions; but the great mass of mankind can never feel an interest in them. They must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is every reason to believe, worshipped one invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of Gods and Goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the sun the worship which, speculatively, they considered due only to the Supreme mind. The History of the Jews is the record of a continual struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanction, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling, God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers.—A philosopher might admire so noble a conception; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words

which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubt of the Academy, and the pride of Portico, and the fashces of the lictor, and the sword of thirty legions were humbled in the dust!—Macaulay.

#### SWAPPING HORSES.

THINK twice before trading off a horse that has serve you well on the whole, though he may have some faults. We have known men to swap off horses that had but one or two faults for others that had a dozen. This generally arises from the bad temper of the owner. A horse refuses to draw before oxen, and he is put off for one that is not willing to draw anywhere. Another is high spirited, and the woman can't drive him; he is put off for one that cannot be coaxed out of a walk.—Another is not willing to be caught in the pasture; he exchanged for one that is worthless when caught.

A low horse that hardly keeps your boots from the ground, is put off for one that you cannot mount without a block. A lazy horse is put off for one that has not patience to let you be seated in the chaise before he must go.

On the whole, we would not advise farmers to think of changing off their stock for slight faults; whether cattle or horses, or children or wives. It is better to bear with them than to run the risk of faults they know not of.—*Bloomington Herald*.

#### FASHION AND PIETY.

IN the Edinburgh Review we find a queer story of a fashionable lady. Being at a watering place once with her daughters, it suddenly occurred to her that for the sake of example, she might as well go to church. Accordingly, on Sunday, her ladyship entered the chapel most in request, attended by the young ladies, and having boldly marched up the aisle, asked the pew-woman to give them the best seats for hearing the preacher. "A private pew, if you please, with a curtain; let it be the warmest you have, with a stove in it, put the footman close by, that he may be in the way to open the door. I prefer, if you please, that pew lined with red cloth, it look comfortable."

"Madam," said the startled pew-woman, "I am very sorry; but we have not a seat to give you."

The lady paused, turned round to her daughters and said, as she walked out, with the complacency of a satisfied conscience, "Well, my dears, at all events, we have done the civil thing!"

#### BOYS.

THREE small boys went into an apothecary's store a few days since, when the youngest urchin cried out:

"A cent's worth of rock candy,"

"Don't sell a cent's worth," was the reply.

The boys adjourned outside, and held a consultation, and then returned all smiling.

"Do you sell three cent's worth?"

"Yes, I will sell three cent's worth."

"Will you? Well, we have n't got them," was the quick response, as the boys left the store.

WITTY WITNESS.—The New Orleans Delta tell is that a witty lawyer; once recorder of the Third Municipality, jocosely asked a boarding house keeper in Recorder Baldwin's Court, the following question:—"Mr.—, if a man gives you \$500 to keep for him, and dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?" "No sir," replied the man, "I pray for another like him."

GETTING OFF EASY.—One of the States passed an act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defence, he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "the act says nothing of where the muzzle should be placed, and as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put the muzzle on his tail."

A VERY good lady in Boston had in her employment, a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to tell any company who might ring at the door "Mrs.—, was not at home."

One day John made this reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who shortly went away, leaving her card and promise to call again. As the card was handed to Mrs.—, she said:

"John, what did you say to the lady?"

"I told her you were not at home."

"Well, John, I hope you did not laugh?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said John, "I never laugh when I tell a lie."

PUBLIC SPEAKING.—"Julius, did you ever speak in public?"

"In course I did."

"Whar?"

"In de perlice."

"And what did you say, Julius?"

"Not Guilty, Mr. Snow—what else could a gemman say under the pwessha ob de circumstances."

"BILL, did you ever draw a rifle on a deer?"

"No, but I once rifled a drawer for a gal, and that's pretty near the same thing I imagine."

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

A. C. Tioga Centre, N. Y. 4.00; P. M. Plymouth, N. Y. 1.50; R. W. New York N. Y. 1.00; P. M. North Brookfield N. Y. 4.00.

#### MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Richard Atwell, to Mrs. Eliza Charlotte Allen, both of this city.

On the 9th ult. Mr. Edwin W. Johnson, of South Canaan, Conn. to Miss Sabina E. Snyder, of Gallatinville, Col. Co. N. Y. In San Francisco, (California,) on the 8th Jan. by the Rev. A. Williams, Mr. John Kelly to Miss Marion Coffin, formerly of this city.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. E. P. Steinson, of East Greenbush, Mr. John Miller, of Claverack, to Miss Elizabeth Staats, of Schodack.

#### DEATHS.

In New-York, on the 16th ult. John M. Hogeboom, aged 19 years, son of Stephen K. Hogeboom, Esq. of Claverack. Suddenly, on Tuesday evening, the 25th ult., at the Episcopal Parsonage in this city, Mrs. Mary L. Watson, wife of the Rev. Wm. Watson, aged 34 years. In New York, on 3d day morning, 25th ult., Samuel Clark, in the 67 year of his age.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## BIRTHDAY VERSES.

BY BARRY GRAY.

ANOTHER page in your Book of Life,  
Old Time has boldly read,  
And a year of mingled peace and strife,  
From your living path has fled.  
Another page in your Book of Life,  
Is open before him now,  
And another year of peace and strife,  
With joy and sorrow and hope is rife,  
To cloud or smooth your brow.  
The past is gone and will ne'er return,  
Its smiles and tears are o'er,  
Yet from the thoughts in Memory's Urn,  
The simplest heart can truly learn  
The lessons which it bore.  
For though the deeds may pass away,—  
Born of the buried year—  
Their influence lives for many a day,  
And comes like a cloud or a golden ray,  
Your life to grieve or cheer.  
Another page in your Book of Life,  
Old Time has turned to day,  
And whether it be of peace or strife,  
'Tis only God can say;  
But much remaineth for you to do,  
You may make or mar your lot.  
The new-born year you may sadly rue,  
Or in gladness and hope you may pass it through,  
As you follow the Truth or not.  
So when another year shall run,  
And its sands are dropping fast,  
May the gentle deeds that you have done,  
That spring in your path with every sun,  
In your heart a blessing cast.  
Then when the latest leaf is read,  
And life is running low,  
When comes a voice of gloom and dread,  
For you to join the quiet dead,  
You will not fear to go.

Feb'y 22, 1851.

For the Rural Repository.

## PROSPECT HILL.

I love to hie me to that proud old Hill  
In the early hour of morn—sweet morn—  
When the glorious orb of day in splendor  
Rises from his bed of space, and  
Tints the ethereal sky and all below  
With rainbow colors;  
And in accordance strict with  
Nature's etiquette politely introduces  
Each and every ray of which his vast area  
Of light is well composed, to all surrounding  
Objects—not slighting e'en the  
Lowly cot of humble poverty,—the withered  
Tree that age has planted, nurtured  
Liv'd to see its life departing slowly  
Like its own—nor passing by one solitary  
Thing upon whose surface aught  
Like light can find a place to rest.  
—Ah, how delightful 'tis when courting the  
Smiles of Heaven, to clamber up aspiringly,  
The steep ascent, and there contemplate  
As 'twere the two great phases of  
Man's existence—the life-like, busy  
World before—the unobiding city, whence  
The marble-studded field behind derides  
Its vast, unnumbered population.  
The nothingness of self, in such a place,  
Becomes apparent, e'en to self; and as

Imagination pictures forth the fearful  
Tide that sweeps along that gloomy Hill,  
Bearing in triumph, one by one, the strongest,  
Loveliest, best of those who tarry at its base,  
All pride, all independence—all of which  
We boast on earth, must shrink away,  
And leave us full of awe.  
If outward circumstance can render prayer,  
Or near approach to God less difficult—  
If inspiration is a thing attainable in  
This world of moral anarchy—of earthly aim—  
'Tis there the humble spirit best can  
Analyze itself—can separate the body from  
The mind—compare the good he does  
With all he is required to do, and plead  
In most effective, most dependant  
Mood for grace, for wisdom from on high—  
For all he needs, and all his Maker  
Will on man bestow.  
—A voice—a "still, small voice," from that  
Ancient city of the dead, within whose  
Flesh corrupted soil exists the dust—  
The all that now remains of those who  
Once could call their own, what we  
So eagerly possess—will softly vibrate on the  
Ambient air, and whisper thoughts,  
Not words, so low, and yet so loud in argument,  
That world-bound human nature yields  
Insensibly the long-contested point at issue.  
'Twixt man himself and Him who man ordained—  
Between the world as it is and is to be.  
—Yes, I love to linger there and bid the  
World withdraw its claims upon my mind,  
While holy, solemn thoughts divine descend  
And hold enraptured all that  
Is not mortal in me.  
Proud eminence! Would that I were  
Competent to do thy Prospect justice!—would  
That I might sing like bards of old in  
Corresponding notes or words of praise  
In view of thy exceeding grandeur. \* \* \* \*  
—Stand fast! thou mighty stepping stone  
From earth unto the silent tomb;  
Still rear thy towering height between the  
Thoughtless living and the silent dead;  
And when the final trump shall sound  
The knell of earth—he thou  
A witness of its "fleeting show."

JUNRO.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.  
His hair is crisp, and black, and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat;  
He earns what'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.  
Week in, week out, from morn till night  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell  
When the evening sun is low.  
And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.  
He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice.  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—  
Onward through life he goes:  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted—something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of Life  
Our fortunes must be wrought.  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

New Volume, October, 1850.

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